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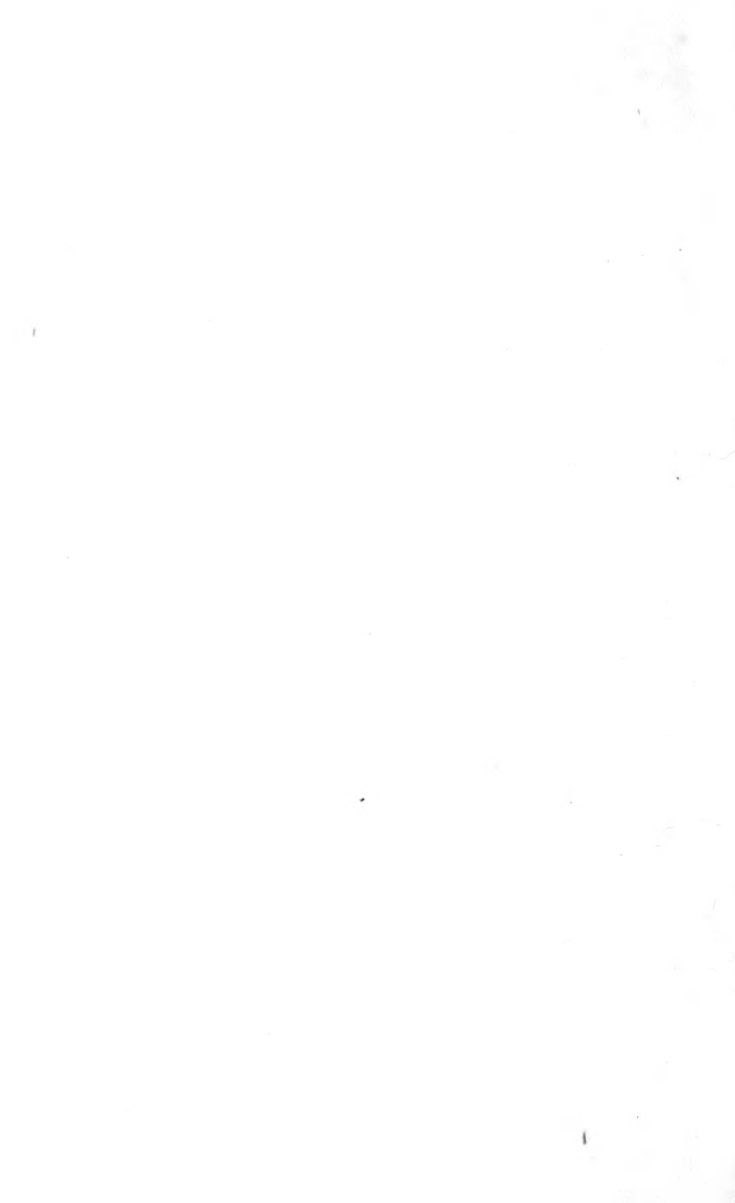
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HOURS OF PASTIME.



HOURS OF PASTIME;

TEMPERANCE AND OTHER PIECES.

BY

J. J. LANE,

BRIGHOUSE.



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PREFACE.

THE contents of this volume are, for the most part, reprints from Monthly and other Journals, contributed during the past few years as "HOURS OF PASTIME."

As the collection shows a preponderance of Temperance Pieces, it may be well to state that the object of the writer, in placing them before the public, is that Christian people and others, into whose hands they may fall, who have not considered the *claims of erring brethren and sisters* upon their sympathy, may be led to abandon their views of *Moderation*, and join, with *clean* hands, those who labour for the removal of our national vice.



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HOURS OF PASTIME.

INFINITE LOVE.

OH love, oh depths of boundless love,
Of heaven's principalities the theme,
How wondrous then, how vast. What !—can it be !
Who spake the universe from nought, should deign
To cling, a helpless babe to Mary's breast,
And suck the milk which nature gave, content ;
When, from His bounteous hand all living things
Are fed, sustained, and nourished, as they need.
Enduring hunger, and privation, keen,
Who by one word of power, thousands fill'd ;
At whose rebuke, diseases turn'd abash'd
Away ; the blind, their sight received ; the deaf
Heard sounds harmonic ; and the lame
Leap'd like the hart, or danced for very joy.
Who abdicated royalty-supreme,
A kingly throne, and sceptre, fadeless crown,
Might and praise, the homage of adoring
Myriads, for a garden cold and damp,
His only mantle, lowering, midnight clouds.

Who wept, who groan'd, who sweat great drops of **blood**,
 Press'd by the burden of a guilty race.
 Who bent beneath man's load of sin,—whose arm
 Upholds the balance of revolving worlds.
 At whose command, and for whose pleasure, earth's
 Forests clapp'd their hands, and starry hosts sang
 Anthems loud and long, to their primeval cause.
 Belaid, accused, arraign'd, condemned : before
 Whose righteous bar, all powers, dominions,
 Potentates, and men of every colour,
 Clime, and tongue, shall hear His fiery interdict.
 He dies, a malefactor, as a man
 Too base to live, unworthy meanest care
 Or pity ;—yet of life the Source, from whom
 All life proceeds, on whom all life depends.
 He dies, stupendous scene, transcendant love :
 Dies that the dark, chill, monitory grave
 By light ineffable, immortal, may
 Be lit,—a golden portal to the skies.
 Dies,—that the sinner, lost, depraved, debased,
 A mass of putrefaction in the sight
 Of God,—by this all-crowning act of love
 Be ransomed from a yawning hell, black with
 The horrid crimes of untold centuries ;
 Where groans incessant rise, from spirits damned,
 Conscious that dread enormity of sin
 Is stamped for ever, on their guilty breasts
 Pregnant with unextinguishable fire.
 Oh ! love ! surpassing thought, immense, complete,
 God reconciled to man, and man to God.

WINE: A SEQUEL.

OH! mark that woman crouch'd upon the floor,
 Beside the embers scattered, almost dead :
 Hast not thou seen that slender form before,
 In days still sacred, tho' for ever fled ?

Canst not thou trace upon that marble brow,
 And by those tresses of rich auburn hair—
 See in those eyes, tho' sadly altered now,
 The ling'ring remnants of a lady fair ?

'Tis she, who once upon the verdant lawn,
 Or in the dell, or 'long the mountain side,
 Gamboll'd anon, as sportive as the fawn—
 To all a pleasure, and of all a pride.

But, ah ! her life was like a summer stream,
 Whose surface glitters with a golden dye ;
 Or like Elysian raptures in a dream—
 Delight a moment, then as swiftly fly.

Bright was the morn, and soft the zephyrs blew,
 The birds sang cheer'ly on each leafy bough,
 When twain, this lady and her lover true,
 At Hymen's altar breathed the nuptial vow.

The feast was ready, and the board was spread
 With all that wealth and honour ever gave ;
 Goblets were fill'd with foaming liquid red,
 But none with water from the crystal wave.

Turn to that woman now your wandering eyes,
 From her inquire the sequel, true as sad;
 Approach in pity, nor in words despise,
 'Twould rend her heartstrings, or 'twould drive her mad.

Short is the story, little will suffice
 To quell the throbbings of an anxious heart;
 Nor unpretending,—suffer the advice
 To sink full deep, and never thence depart.

“Ah! little dreamt I on that happy day,”
 Her plaintive story she did thus begin,
 “That 'neath the wine-cup, though unseen, there lay
 A path to ruin, and a gate to sin.

“Nor did I dream, as jovial song and jest
 Made laughter echo through the spacious hall,
 'Twas but a warning to the thoughtless breast,
 A mocking requiem to our future fall.

“Alas! alas! soon came the bitter hour:
 The sun had gone few years his destined course
 E'er William fell beneath the demon power,
 A reckless victim to our country's curse.

“Down, down he fell; what was endear'd before—
 His home—his wife—his child—were all forgot;
 For tender words and smiles he growl'd and swore,
 Forsook his mansion for a drunkard's cot.

“ Oh ! when I turned to give one ling’ring gaze,
 One last long look on all so dear to me—
 Those haunts I cherished in my childhood days,
 And which I now would give a world to see ;

“ I could not bear, and yet I could not weep—
 Tears were too weak my anguish to explain ;
 I felt a wildness round my reason creep.
 ’Twas madness hov’ring o’er my fever’d brain.

“ But wherefore wonder, when around I saw
 Some who had known me turn and pass me by :
 Leave me to perish on a bed of straw,
 Without a tear-drop, and without a sigh.

“ O, God ! to think I’m in the world alone—
 My child lies sleeping in its little grave ;
 And he who won me, claimed me for his own,
 Deserted hence—the villain and the knave.

“ ’Tis wrong to curse him—sure it will not last :
 He yet may be a sober man again,
 And love me still—and I—forget the past ;
 But no, he will not come—my brain, my brain.

“ Oh ! leave me now, you know the doleful tale,
 Once young and careless, ever free and glad ;
 Now lost in shame, and left to starve and wail—
 Tempt me no more, lest I indeed go mad.”

LITTLE DEEDS.

THERE was a flower with drooping head,
As though it soon would die,
When lo ! a cloudlet slowly sped
Beneath the expansive sky.
The flower looked very feebly up,
Half-conscious aid was near,
As deep into its yellow cup
The cloudlet dropp'd a tear.

There was a worm nigh to the spot ;
A thing we oft despise ;
But He who made us counts it not
Unworthy in His eyes.
Exhausted on a sandy heap
It struggled long in vain ;
But soon recovered strength to creep,
Through little drops of rain.

And may not we, by words and deeds,
As time and seasons roll,
Give life by plucking out the weeds
Which choke some brother's soul ?
A spoken word in simple love
Will break a heart of stone ;
A whispered prayer will rise above,
Like incense round the throne.

Oh ! Christian brother say no more
There is no work for thee ;
Knock gently at thy neighbour's door ;
He claims thy sympathy.

A soul redeemed from earthly dross,
 From sinful pleasures riven,
 And centred on the blood-stained cross,
 Is *one more* won for Heaven.

RAGS AND TATTERS.

RAGS and tatters, rags and tatters,
 Where we go it little matters ;
 Down the alley, along the pavement,
 Through the square.
 Every village, town and city,
 Crowd before us scenes of pity,
 Degradation, foul dishonour,
 And despair.
 Oh, the sights that often meet us,
 And the shocking words which greet us,
 From the filthy who about us
 Wildly stare !

Rags and tatters, rags and tatters,
 How their feet the pavement patters,
 Almost noiseless, helpless, shoeless,
 Full of sores !
 Strangers pass too proud for giving,
 Though in lordly state are living ;
 On they press with mien imposing—
 Close their doors ;

Never once a moment thinking,
 While their ruby wines are drinking,
 Of the thousands pining, dying,
 On cold floors.

Rags and tatters, rags and tatters,
 How the sight my feeling shatters !
 Since I know that from the barrel
 Springs the shame.

How the men consume their measure,
 Join in frolic, laugh, and pleasure ;
 Crying children, and their faithful
 Wives disclaim.

Then appears the evil dawning,
 When the drink compels to pawning,
 Urges on at length to part with
 Honest name.

Rags and tatters, rags and tatters,
 Thro' me this conviction scatters :
 If all men would do their duty
 Right and well ;
 Speak the truth with bold endeavour,
 Shrinking from their purpose never,
 Bacchus and his fiendish army
 Meet—repel ;
 Strike with bold determination,
 Till from ours and every nation,
 Drink, the demon, should be driven
 Back to hell.
 Then as chaff the tempest scatters,
 So would fly the rags and tatters.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH-BED.

THE midnight hour had struck, I ope'd the door,
 'A dingy door which led into a cell,
 Where lay upon a bed of naked straw
 The dying drunkard whom I knew full well.

Nor wife, nor children lingered round his bed,
 Nor friend, nor old associate was there
 To bathe and cool the fever of his head,
 Or hear him breathe a last imploring prayer.

Alone he lay ; the deeds of three-score years
 Before his startled vision pass'd him by ;
 He groaned aloud, for they awoke his fears,
 Yet cursed the thought that whispered death was nigh.

I bent me down, and in kind words and low,
 Spoke of the land where myriads happy dwell ;
 Then gravely warn'd him of the gulf below,
 Where guilty conscience knows a changeless hell.

“Speak on, speak on” ! he cried, as wild he toss'd
 His suppliant hands in fervent prayers to heaven ;
 “Speak on, but say not, that my soul is lost,
 There still is time for me to be forgiven.

“Time left for me : oh, yes, 'tis true, I feel
 What others foul as I have felt before,
 Soft strains of mercy through my spirit steal,
 Which bid me welcome to that blissful shore.

“All the dark deeds which plagued my failing sight,
 Whilst here in groans and misery I lay,
 Have been dispell'd as are the shades of night,
 When gleams the first faint sunbeams of the day.”

He seized my hand, and pressed, I felt a chill
 Run through my hands, and paralyze the core ;
 One deep long sigh, one look, then all was still,—
 From sin, death, hell, to glory ever more.

Who seek Thy face, O Lord, in early youth,
 And never tread the drunkard's downward road,
 Thrice blest are they in purity and truth,
 Through life, in death, and round the throne of God.

COUNT DE VIGNY AND HIS CAPTIVES.

The following incident is a sad reality taken from a work entitled “Light and Shades of a Military Life;” edited by Sir Charles Napier, formerly commander-in-chief in India. The captain of a brig-of-war was ordered to set sail with two political prisoners, and, as he supposed, to convey them to Cayenne, where other exiles had been despatched. He took sealed orders with him from the Directory, which were not to be opened until he reached the Equator. In the course of the voyage the captain and the young couple (an officer and his bride) became much attached to each other, so much so that he resolved to abandon the service, and with what fortune he had endeavour to effect their release and alleviate their sufferings. When the Equator was reached, and the sealed packet opened, he found to his intense horror that the young soldier was to be shot, and

his fair bride conveyed back to France. The time fixed, she is taken away in a boat while the tragedy is being acted out upon her husband ; but she sees the flash of the musket, her heart tells her too plainly of the fatal deed. Reason fails her at the moment, and she remains a maniac for life.

UPON the deck he stood, erect with folded arms,
He read the scroll of blood, nor shrunk from death's alarms—
“Then be it done, I ask not life, nor liberty from thee ;
One favour, captain, bring by wife to speak adieu to me :
'Tis all I dread with quivering fear, this one brief hour of woe,
To tear me from a life so dear, while villains urge the blow.

“ ’Tis all I ask, a brief embrace, a kiss, a tear,
A glance to find relief, and fit me for the bier ;
I’ve struggled for my country’s weal, her glory and renown,
Have felt the foeman’s sharpest steel—hurl’d from my
 courser down,
Oh ! rather had I bravely bled, ’mid groans of those who fell,
The eagle on my body fed, than suffer this farewell.

“Go, bring her here to me, my Laura, fond and true,
Once more to look on thee—a ling’ring last adieu ;
How will thy woman’s spirit bear to know our earthly bliss
Is swallow’d up in blank despair, since I am come to this ?
The hopes, the joys of future years our mutual loves have
cherished, [have perished.”
The jocund smiles are lost in tears, and all those dreams

His eyes were red with fire, his teeth were firmly set,
Yet not with desperate ire, but writhing, soul regret.
His was a noble, gentle heart, and oft that grace reveal'd,
Tho' dauntlessly he played his part in thickest of the field ;

Mild as the sea in summer hours, unmoved by feeblest waves,
 Then fierce as when the storm-cloud lowers and ocean opes
 her graves.

“I would from duty shrink and mercy’s claims bestow,
 But it is thine alone to drink this cup of woe.”
 Then deep affection wildly rent, drove manly strength away,
 To earth, in agony he bent, and vainly strove to pray ;
 The captain thoughtfully, sadly gazed, revolting at the crime
 Before him now, nor less amazed with passion so sublime.

The fatal hour was past, he read again the scroll—
 The writ that seemed to cast, a stigma on his soul.
 “Brave youth, prepare,” the captain spake in tones of
 saddest gloom,
 “Fain would I now the task forsake, acquit thee from thy
 doom
 Forgive, forgive, tho’ ’tis not I needs pardon plead of thee ;
 By my weak hand thou hast to die—thrown to the voiceless
 sea.”

Alas ! for Laura, she the beautiful, the fair,
 Was borne away to sea, forbade the scene to share.
 ’Twas midnight now, the heavens were dark, the stars had
 sunk to sleep,
 And all around the unseen bark was silence awfully deep ;
 She strove to pierce the darkness round—it was a frantic
 stare—
 Strain’d she her ears to catch the sound of muskets in the air.

It came ; then ghastly pale, swift to her feet she sprang,
 And uttered forth a wail that through the midnight rang—
 A fearful wail that filled with awe the terror-stricken crew ;
 “Is this the recompense of war, this for a courage true ?
 What ! hurry squadrons o’er the plain, see foe on foe expire ?
 What ! feel the steel, and mark the stain, to meet a despot’s
 ire ?

“ I know his fate,” she cried, “ tho’ from the bloody deck
 Dragged hence unknown, denied to clasp him round the
 neck,
 And look into those loving eyes, so’often on me cast,
 To hear his sweetest accents rise, his dearest and the last.
 Oh ! to have seen thee, heard thee speak, and felt thy latest
 breath,
 I could have borne to hear thy shriek when in the arms of
 death.

“Oh ! cruel, murderous fate, inhuman base decree,
 To leave me desolate, without a look from thee.
 What is my hope since from thee torn, my own, my faithful
 one,
 A heap of ruined years forlorn, a world without a sun.”
 She gazed again into the dark, then press’d her burning
 head,
 She smiled as tho’ she saw the bark, and then her reason
 fled.

THE WOMAN IN RAGS.

ABRIDGED.

ONCE, I remember, I met on the flags
 Helpless and wretched, a woman in rags.
 Dark was the night, and fearfully cold,
 The hour of twelve had dolefully toll'd :
 Methought as I heard its echoing sound
 Another voice came from the still, around ;
 I sought unwearied about on the flags,
 Then spied in a corner a woman in rags.
 " Have mercy," she cried, as her eyes a-glare
 Were centred on mine,—'twas a look of despair ;
 " I'm cold,—I'm freezing,—I starve,—I die,—
 Have mercy and heed my pitiful cry."

A dull street lamp shone from a little a-pace,
 Which ope'd to my view that form of disgrace ;
 O God ! what a picture, can I forget ?
 It crowds o'er my brain and mem'ry yet,
 Like a phantom of dread 'pears to my sight
 The scene I beheld that horrible night.
 " Why stare at me thus, you've seen me before,
 And dear were the ties which bound us in yore ;
 We've sported together on sward and hill,
 Wandered through meadows with childish will.

* * * * *

" Few years on the tide that happily flows,
 And gleams with a lustre fortune bestows,
 Were mine to enjoy ; then over my head
 Storm-clouds collected and murkily spread.

The fierce tempest burst : I was driven from home,
 A child in my arms, the cold streets to roam :
 The people looked on, but spat at my name,
 Scoffed till I fell to 'unfortunate' fame.
 I've wandered long in this pitiable plight,
 All through the day and the dark of the night,
 Begging of each with tremulous breath
 Pittance to hinder a suicide's death :—
 'No, no,' they all say, 'she revels in gin
 With felons and sots and women of sin ;
 She's one of the vile who canker our race,
 Cast on the nation reproach and disgrace,
 Who allure the young from virtue and right,
 Nor quit them till lost in infamy's night.'

" Ah ! when of the past I ponder and think,—
 In moments apart from the terrible drink,
 Away from the crowd, lude lovers of crime
 Who live for lucre and trifle with time ;—
 I weep o'er my sins, the years so mis-spent
 In folly and vice ; I fain would repent,
 Bend with remorse at the foot of the tree,
 Plead with the Saviour who suffered for me :
 I know of the Cross—His Immaculate name,
 With pity He yearns for the woman of shame.
 You think me gone mad. What ! could I not go
 To the Fountain of love, which for sinners did flow ;
 Be pure as the babe who just from the womb
 Is stricken by death, and laid in the tomb.
 Aye, e'en so could I be cleansed and forgiven,
 Enter in peace to the rapture of heaven.

Those are my thoughts when away from the den
 Where all are immoral, both women and men
 Corrupted, and driven to misery's brink ;
 Through quenchless passion for terrible drink."

Take heed to the tale, tho' sad it is true ;
 And even as stars in yon heaven of blue,
 Have numbers unknown been thrown o'er the brink
 For ever to dwell with the author of drink.
 Still there are thousands uncounted to save,
 Speeding their way to a premature grave.
 Oh ! Christians awake, nor slumber till all
 Filling the cup of iniquitous gill
 Shall dash it to pieces,—the drink demon hurl'd
 Far from the country and out of the world.

DYING IN SPRING.

WILL you lift me from my bed, mother,
 And put me in my chair ?
 I long to see the village green,
 The children sporting there ;
 I long to see the rugged hills, where
 Oft the slopes I trod
 In happy May and sunny June, to muse
 Alone with God.
 I long to hear the cuckoo lisp her strange
 Mysterious notes,
 And songs, so artless, glad and new
 Come from a thousand throats.

The sky is bright and fair, mother,
 The flowers are all awake,
 The sun is sending showers of gold o'er
 Garden, field, and brake.

How hard to rend affection's cords, and
 Beauty such as this ;

But what are earth's delusive joys
 To heaven's eternal bliss ?

Ah, soon shall I be gone, mother,
 From scenes I cherish here,

The little pleasures which I love, the
 Friends whom I revere ;

My brothers and my sisters too, forsake
 Them each and all,

Responding to the sweet behest—the
 Saviour's gracious call.

Oh ! when they lay me in the grave
 You will not for me weep,

Recall this blessed thought, mother, I am
 Not dead but sleep.

Come, put me gently down to rest,
 I must be dying now,

My sight is dim, and gathering fast are
 Cold drops on my brow.

To Edward, Alfred, and Janet,—say Marion
 Bade good-bye,

And left a sister's parting wish,—to live
 As they would die :

Oh ! bid them yield their all to Him
 Who lived and suffered pain,

Then succumb'd to a shameful death
 For their immortal gain.

I hear a faint, melodious sound,
 A spirit's welcome voice,—
 A convoy sent to bear my soul
 Where myriads now rejoice :
 It bids me haste from mortal flesh,
 With my Redeemer dwell.
 One more caress, another kiss,
 Oh ! mother dear, farewell.

THE IDOL OF BRITAIN.

You tell me that our native land from pagan sin is free,
 We do not worship other gods, like countries o'er the sea ;
 You bid me look, and count the spires all pointing to the
 skies,
 From whence the sacred psalm is sung and prayers diurnal
 rise ;
 You bid me watch each Sabbath morn, the crowds that
 wend their way,—
 The young and old, the son and sire, to sing those psalms
 and pray.
 It may be true—alas ! it is—that thousands of the band
 Attend the sacred house of God, with Holy Book in hand,
 Who read the Word, and sing the hymn, and yet who never
 feel
 A sense of Jesus' pardoning love through every fibre steal.
 O tell me not, though reverent looks bespeak a pious soul,
 All are sincere and live to reach the final, happy goal ;

For some adore the god of gold, and others bow to fame,
 Who fain would sell their honour bright to win a paltry
 name ;

And some in adoration low appear at beauty's shrine ;
 But who can number out the host who serve the god of
 wine ?

A moment pause. Behold that man, he was of gentle birth,
 And once a nobler form than his did scarcely grace the
 earth ;

But where is now his high estate, his flowing fortune now ?
 The noble form, the look of pride, the clear expanded brow !
 Gone, ever gone, and whither fled ? O fearful thought ! to
 think

His once good name is bartered to the evil god of drink !
 Alas, alas, not only men become his reckless prey,
 The fairest forms of womankind his ruling wand obey ;
 He waves his magic sceptre high, and millions 'neath it
 fall,—

The matron in the lowly shed, the lady of the hall ;
 Those, too, who are of tender years, together sadly sink,
 Become the vile inebriate slaves of him, the god of drink.
 Then tell me not our native land from pagan sin is free,
 While mothers, daughters, sons, and sires to Bacchus bend
 the knee ;

And point no more to spire and dome, where Christians
 constant meet,

While temples of the demon god are found in every street.
 Go raze those temples to the dust, destroy the god of wine ;
 Then bid each heart and tongue adore the Triune God
 divine.

TEMPERANCE AND LIBERTY,

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE GRAND FESTIVAL OF THE
BISHOP AUCKLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,

Held in the Town Hall, Oct. 21st, 1873.

THRICE welcome here, I hail you ! we all of us rejoice,
And hail you here as Christians in one harmonious voice ;
It fills our hearts with gladness, and we are bolder men,
To see you Christian people all gathered here again.
We come and stand before you on this our festal night,
As soldiers for a conflict, in armour for the fight !
The foe is on before us, we can his powers feel,
And we are come to meet him with weapons sharp as steel.
With noble hearts and purpose we little dread the foe,
He yet shall be o'er-trampled and feel a mortal blow.
We come to tell you what has been, and is, and yet shall be,
Ere Britain's sons and daughters from cruel bonds are free ;
We come to warn you of the snares, beset about your way
By cruel men, and heartless men, who never knelt to pray !
We are also here to tell you of gallant battles won,
As on its course from day to day the orb has swiftly run.
Since last we met you here, as now, tho' short has been the
time,
The list is long of drunkards claimed, and others lost in crime.
Many homes are happier, and children better fed,
But many more are gloomy, thro' drunken husbands dead.
Oh ! shame upon thee, England, and on thy liquor laws,
To let thy widow'd mothers weep and not espouse their cause ;
Oh ! shame upon thee, England, to stem the briny waves,
To other lands, their fetters break and free the captive slaves,
And then return with laurels rare, to coolly fall asleep,
And let thy mothers cry aloud, thy sons and daughters weep ;

We praise thee for thy mighty act, to wrest the tyrants' chain,
Proclaim those countless numbers free, free as the boundless
main.

Yet shame upon thee England, to do so great a deed,
Then fall asleep, while millions more were groaning to be
freed !

Awake ! oh pride of all the world, awake ! nor idly dream,
Rouse all thy dormant energy to quell this awful scream.

What, dost thou hear them ? not asleep—no, no, thou wert
not so,—

We will not chide—thou hearest all, but wilt not strike the
blow. [reel,

“Not yet,” thou sayest, “’tis not time : I will make Bacchus
And all his host in after years, with weapons sharp as steel,
Rouse first the people every one, prepare them for the fight,
Then we will march upon the foe and battle for the right.”
The time is near, we know it ; the “Church” is in the field,
Determined to defend the cause, nor ever flinch, nor yield ;
And those who in the pulpits preach in “Chapels” far and
near, [been here.

Have shown their mind and sympathy, or would not have
There is the “British Workman,” where men an hour can
spend,

In conning news, and playing chess, or converse with a friend ;
You are welcome British Workmen to hie there when you
please,

Your leisure hours to pass away, and linger at your ease :
No drink is there to harm you, your manliness to slay,
And fire your brains, and make your forms a terror by the
way,

Go, go, and you are welcome, and other comrades tell,
Entice them from the dramshop, it is the way to hell.

We've had some worthy veterans our wounded hearts to cure,
That we may in the future imposing ills endure ;
You've heard the good old General, ah ! would that he were
here, [cheer,—

That I might see, and you might see, and give a hearty
Long health, long life to General Dow, the bravest of the
brave, [slave,

Who fought with sword and bayonet to free the colour'd
And then with heart invincible, 'gainst pressing ills and
 strife,

Has fought, and still is fighting, to free the drunkard's wife.

You know of Whig and Tory, of Radical and Blue,

Oh! heed not party politics, but this I would you do,

Stand firm by our good General with an undaunted will ;

And vote for him who votes for you, that we may have the
Bill

For which Sir Wilfrid long has fought, and yet will fight
again,

That England too may have a law the people have in Maine.

Now for the little children who form the Band of Hope,

You know not of the dangers with which we have to cope:

Oh! blessings on your little hearts, and may you never know,

May never feel affliction's smart, or depth of human woe ;

But may the bark of life with you float on a silver tide,

To bask on pleasure's sunbeams, and ever calmly glide.—

Oh! blessings on your parents too if they be listening there,

Who teach you every night and morn to clasp your hands
in prayer.

Oh blessings on each reverend sage, and all who love the
truth,

The rich and poor, the hoary head, and form of rising youth :

And may you all with one accord around our banner cling,
 The venom'd foe uproot and seize, then rob him of his sting,
 That few the years ere all of us with songs of hearty glee,
 Shall make our dear old England, a country truly free.

THE ANGEL AND LITTLE ETHEL.

AN angel roamed thro' Eden's bowers,
 Inhaling odours sweet,
 And while he scanned its groups of flowers,
 Espied one—incomplete.

“A snowdrop in the bud!”—away
 To earth the angel sped,
 And ere the breaking of the day,
 With little Ethel fled!

Then back again to Eden's bowers,
 This budding snowdrop bore;
 And placed it in the group of flowers,
 So incomplete before.

FLORA GRAY.

'Tis sad to think that man should be
 Led captive by impetuous will;
 Choose for his course a treach'rous sea,
 Instead of waters clear and still.

For life at longest is but short,
 Directed to a final goal ;
 And each has an immortal soul,
 Which with the blood of Christ is bought,
 That none need perish, sink so low,
 To share eternity of woe,
 If they would only pause and think,
 While standing on life's narrow brink—
 If they to higher heights would climb,
 Care less for sordid pleasures here,
 But contemplate the things sublime
 Which point beyond a brighter sphere.

Into the world went Flora Gray,
 Eager to free herself from home ;
 From parents, glad to be away,
 And through a friendless city roam.
 A drunken father beat her sore,
 And scarr'd her fair, untainted brow ;
 Her cruel mother cared not how
 Each blow he gave pierced to the core.
 They once were kind ; in years gone by
 Their home was like a summer sky
 When nought obscures the spacious blue.
 A jarring word they never knew
 Until the wine-cup on the board
 And in the closet found a place ;
 It stole what life can ne'er afford,
 And left them ruin and disgrace.

She wandered far did Flora Gray,
 Amid the city's glare and din,
 Treading her tired and weary way,
 Through the dread elements of sin.
 The vile and lost around her press'd,
 And oft at even lay in wait
 To rob her virtue, and create
 A quenchless fire within her breast.
 But all in vain ; from door to door
 She begged her daily scanty store ;
 Yet from her lips oft burst the cry,
 In tones of anguish : " O that I
 From this dark wilderness of woe
 Might lay me down and sink to rest ;
 The wild flowers above me grow,
 Where deep reclines my peaceful breast."

It chanced, an evening in the spring,
 A time when zephyrs softly fan,
 And birds their native ditties sing,
 To soothe the troubled mind of man,—
 A stranger to a lonely spot
 His way betook, in quest of calm
 And respite from the world's alarm,
 When lo : by a forget-me-not
 A case he spied, with silver bound :
 He instant snatched it from the ground.
 Curious to know if in were hid
 A secret treasure, ope'd the lid ;

He started back, then look'd again,
 And by a sterner impulse led,
 A ring and locket seized, and then
 Some such simple note he read :—

“Stranger or friend, which e’er thou art,
 Who to this unfrequented spot
 May come with sad or joyous heart,
 Touch not the blue forget-me-not ;
 But take these trinkets lying here :
 The ring and locket, all that I
 Can leave to earth before I die,
 And bathe them both with pity’s tear,
 For they were his, he gave them me
 To keep when I was girlish free.
 He will, I know, my crime forgive,
 I cannot, dare not, longer live ;
 A wither’d, wretched outcast now,
 Driven by cruel blows away
 From home, from life ; they cared not how
 Nor what befel their Flora Gray.”

He sought around, and near a pool
 A kerchief and a bonnet lay,
 And there beneath those waters cool,
 All that was left of Flora Gray.
 The village people throng’d to see ;
 And many, many tears were shed,
 Ere gently in her quiet bed
 They left her ’neath a willow tree.

The girls from school, in idle hours,
 Planted their sweetest, choicest flowers ;
 But oft at even, through the trees,
 Came softly fluttering on the breeze,
 A fancied voice which made them shrink,
 And turn with heavy hearts away :
 “Whoever quaffs the madd’ning drink,
 Drinks deep the blood of Flora Gray.”

THE OLD MAN AND THE STRANGER.

I STOOD at the open window,
 Reflecting on times gone by,
 Recounting my joys and blessings,
 By orient gems in the sky.
 Then tracing the hand of mercy,
 In shadows which gathered afar ;
 Obscuring hope’s golden future,
 As clouds each beautiful star.

When, lo ! while I stood and pondered,
 Upon youth’s unguarded day,
 An old man came to the lattice,
 His beard all tangled and grey.
 He told me a strange, strange story,
 Of things he had seen and heard ;
 From the awful wholesale slaughter,
 To the secret unkind word.

Oh ! strange was the tale he related,
 And yet so deplorably true,
 Of misery, crime, and dejection,
 Debauchery, devilry too.
 He'd been in the midst of famine,
 Where children were dying for bread ;
 Then into the homes of plenty,
 Where others on luxuries fed.

Where even the dog 'neath the table,
 Was given the best off the plate ;
 Unheeding the cry of the wretches,
 Who pleaded for crumbs at the gate.
 He'd been in the den of the harlot—
 The hovel of consummate sin—
 The nearest abode of lost spirits,
 Where torments eternal begin.

Oh ! shame on the nation, he muttered,
 To sanction such horrible lust ;
 Would God, she heard for a moment,
 The groans of inanimate dust.
 The curse of those spirits deluded,
 On statutes which suffer the trade,
 And license its shameless upholders,
 Their victims to rob and degrade.

He spoke of the brave who perished,
 Far on the billowy wave ;
 Of men who deep in the darkness,
 Shut out from all human aid.

He spoke of the sleepless vigil,
 Bent over some dear one's bed,
 Soft fanning life's fading embers—
 Repeating the last words said.

He spoke of the sad processions
 Convoked by the iron bell;
 To follow the silent leader—
 Who led where the silent dwell.
 Yet think not, the old man muttered,
 And gave me a cheerly look,
 There are no delightful stories
 Recorded in mem'ry's book.

See, in the hazy distance,
 A youth with nimble feet,
 Majestic, fair, and ruddy,—
 Away—the stranger greet!
 Tread in the path of duty,
 Resign to each chast'ning rod;
 Those who are sore afflicted
 Are well beloved of God.

Thus did the old year vanish,
 Worn out with age and care;
 But hurried on the stranger,
 Majestic, young, and fair.
 I paused o'er him departing,
 Let drop the big, bright tear;
 Then turned and gaily bounded
 To greet the glad new year.

ENGLAND AWAKE !

ENGLAND awake ! oh awake from thy sleeping—

Greatest of nations and land of the free ;

Awake, thy women are sighing and weeping,

They feel a curse is over thee creeping ;

Awake ! awake ! they are calling to thee.

England awake ! for the cry is appalling ;

Arouse thee, their hearts are filling with dread ;

Hark ! from the mansion and cot they are calling,

It may be a son or a daughter is falling

A prey to the curse which hangs o'er thy head.

England awake ! shall the poor drunkard's dwelling

Stand on the soil a memorial of shame—

Shall those who against thy laws are rebelling,

Who for the wine-cup their honour are selling,

Unheeded pollute and tarnish thy name ?

Wilt not thou wake from thy slumber to feeling,

Still cherish the laurels thou gainedst of yore ;

Remember the widow in suppliance kneeling,

Have pity ! attend the orphan's appealing,

Their hunger and helpless condition deplore ?

Hush ! did ye not hear it ? the voice of her waking,

Yes, it has sounded all over the land,

Proud Bacchus has heard it, his heart is breaking,

Trembles with terror—his throne is shaking,

Reeling like fabrics whose base is but sand.

Daughters of sorrow, ye children of mourning
Arise, and dispel your feeling of pain ;
England hath heard you, and heeded the warning,
Rejoice and be glad, the summer is dawning,
The curse on the nation shall never remain.

THE LITTLE BASKET CHAIR.

UPON a little basket chair
 How sadly does a mother stare—
 The tears fall fast ;
 Grave memory flutters high on wings,
 And o'er the matron's visage flings
 The aching past.

Once in that vacant basket chair,
 Her cherub child and only care,
 Six summers old,
 Was wont to prattle by her side,
 Its earliest thoughts in her confide,
 And charms unfold.

As Phœbus in the distant blue,
 His golden glories spread anew,
 Day after day ;
 Its sweet and happy voice was heard
 Warbling like some melodious bird,
 A simple lay.

She press'd it to her tender heart,
And felt how keen 'twould be to part ;

× A cruel loss ;—

Oh ! rather leave her smiling home,
And hungry through the city roam,
 Than bear the cross.

But as she gazed upon the child,
Anon caress'd with passion wild,
 So warm, so deep ;
Dreamt not that it would droop and fade,
And very soon be lowly laid,
 Where many sleep.

Alas ! for her, ere leaves were sere
And hoary winter did appear,
 In sullen pride,
Death came in haste on subtle wing
And pierced it with his deadly sting,
 Deep in the side.

How lone she stands ! those eyes are dim
Which beamed with mother's love on him
 Who filled the seat.

She listens for the song he sung,
And startles tho' she heard his tongue,
 Or nimble feet.

Then turning from the painful nook
But not without one ling'ring look,
 As sorrow can,
Convinced at last that life below
Has joys, but they are mixed with woe,
 The whole a span.

LUCIA.

I KNEW her once, the theme of this sad tale,
 The joy of parents, and delight of kin ;
 Affection breathed for her a summer gale,
 And as the summer did her life begin.
 A lovely child a lovelier maiden grew,
 Her deeper passions ever grew apace ;
 Admirers flattering, vowed they never knew
 An equal rival in the gentler race.

It was an eve of sweet and holy calm,
 The sun still lingered in the glowing west,
 And through the grove of varied elm and palm
 Diffused a glory over nature's breast.
 The night-bird piped its soul-inspiring song
 In ears to which such music was a spell ;
 Till half in earnest, though it may be wrong—
 " 'Tis a spirit singing in the dell."

At such an hour, to this enchanting spot—
 Fit bower of Cupid—sped a happy pair
 To cull the pale blue-eyed forget-me-not,
 And watch the minnows in the streamlet there.
 On, on they went, forgetful of the time,
 Until the stars reflected in the stream
 Beneath, and the dear old familiar chime
 From the grey tower awoke them from their dream.

She fondly loved, as only woman can :
 Revealed in every action, word, and sigh,
 A deeper love than germinates in man,
 A flame too warm to flicker low, and die.

Alas for Lucia, as they left the grove,
 E'er Luna shed her first refulgent beam,
 A youth romantic, given much to rove,
 Heard in the wood, not far, a maiden scream.

'Twas but a trivial thing, so passed away,
 Like any sudden fright or fancied foe,
 Or fancied spectre, that will cause dismay,
 Before the simple learn to wiser grow.
 He thought no more, as tho' it ne'er had been,
 When unexpected, 'mid the busy throng,
 A lady stopped, inquiring had he seen
 A fair-haired slender maiden haste along ?

He learnt at length : not many months before
 A gallant youth had won her Lucia's heart,
 And, by the sorry look the lady wore,
 He read the story of a treach'rous art ;
 Then, moving on, he thought and thought again—
 Ah ! yes, it might be ; yet how strange 'twould seem,
 If, when alone he wandered through the glen,
 This was the maiden he had heard to scream.

Too true, alas ! the lady whom he met
 Was Lucia's mother, seeking her—defiled,
 The one abandoned and disgraced—her pet ;
 Lucia, her own, her cherished, favoured child.
 But gone she knew not, no one ever knew,—
 Though long the search through alley, street, and
 square ;
 Hope fled at last, the mother feebler grew,
 And feebler still, urged on by secret care.

Years rolled away ; one dull December night,
 The snow had fallen thick upon the ground ;
 With here and there a kind of drowsy light,
 To break the darkness prevalent around.
 Cheered by the lamp, while pacing to and fro,—
 Near to the home where Lucia's mother wept,
 And often turned her wistful look below,—
 A faithful watchman nightly vigil kept.

Lo ! as he stood, he traced beneath the wall,
 Deep in the shade, upon the open flags,
 A figure covered with a cloak or shawl,
 Huddled together like a heap of rags.
 Oh ! God, the fright ! a woman frozen dead—
 Wrapped in her arms a child as stiff and cold—
 A vial emptied of a liquid red—
 Her ghastly face—their tale of horror told.

Who was she ? whose the child ? and what their name ?
 Whence had they come and how ? he could not tell ;
 And as he muttered, forth a lady came,
 Feeble and aged ;—she stared, then shrieked and fell.
 “Speak to me, darling—tell me that you live ;
 Nor wring my heart”—she cried in anguish wild ;
 “Kiss me once more, I will the wrong forgive,
 My froward lost one—Lucia—oh, my child.”

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

WHO said I'm mad ?—how dare you mock me so,—
 'Tis burning fever firing out my brain,—
 'Tis prostrate weakness, folly,—and you know,—
 Ah, ah, he comes to torture me again,
Take him away,—the grisly monster death,—
 I will not die, my hour is not yet come ;—
My scorching tongue,—this thirst,—it draws my breath—
 Give me rum ! Give me rum !!

Where is my wife ? they tell me she is dead,
 That I have killed her,—shame—it cannot be,—
 I loved, she knew I loved, and—oh my head—
 See, there they come, all colours, one—two—three.
 What ! is that Luey, father's little pet,
 Come hither darling, bless him ere he sink,—
 No, no, I will not, dare not slumber yet ;—
 Give me drink ! Give me drink !!

Come to my arms ; I shall not hurt the child,
 So like his mother ;—is it true she's dead ?
 Tell me again, 't can only drive me wild,—
 Down in the lobby, murdered,—someone said.
 Who was it ? Quick. I did not kill my wife—
 Bring me the hatchet,—show me the bloody stain,—
 I loved too well,—we never came to strife,—
 Oh this pain ! Oh this pain !!

Ah ! how the days of childhood hover round,
 And youth's glad dream as joyously appears,
 I see my comrades in the old playground,
 The friends I cherished in my younger years,

Thrice happy youth, to manhood's brighter dawn,
The sweetest period dotted man below,
Still linger on—stop—stop—my throat is torn,
Let me go ! Let me go ! !

Begone, I say, ye devils, black and grim,
You ugly green one, with a long sharp claw,
Give me the goblet running o'er the brim,
To slake my thirst,—'tis full of human gore.
Take them away, nor plague me with the sight,
There's thousands, millions, altogether cramm'd,
They hold me fast,—they drag me into night,—
I am damn'd ! I am damn'd ! !

Where is the bottle, for I'm mad with thirst,—
I am all on fire—give me rum to drink,—
Or whisky proof—I know that I am cursed—
Will not last long—down—down—down—I sink !
Where am I driven, this is not my room—
'Tis like the hole where tortured spirits dwell,—
Let loose : ah ! how they grin,—my God,—my doom,
This is hell ! This is hell ! !

THE MISSION.

ADDRESSED TO THE CONDUCTORS OF TOWN HEAD MISSION,
BISHOP AUCKLAND.

Tho' superstition, unbelief, and crime
Cast their dire stigmas in the face of time,
Aided and nursed by priestly fear and sway—
From whom a nod suffices to obey ;

The' pope and prelate still retain command,
 And holy fathers stalk about the land,
 Hold prayers and masses, make a bold pretence
 To absolve the guilty for the sake of pence ;
 Tho' Christian truths—the gospel, simple, pure—
 Have all these stern opposers to endure,
 The standard hoisted, and the flag unfurl'd,
 Jesus the ensign shall possess the world.

We have a mission, unto us are given
 Immortal spirits to direct to heaven ;
 The monster Satan, with his subtle arts
 Employs a legion to dispense his darts,
 Who shoot,—and men, weak of themselves alone,
 Sink into chaos with a hideous groan.
 'Tis ours to rescue with unfaltering zeal,
 To labour on until the callous feel,
 Until the hearts through countless follies stained,
 From earliest years in fear of penance trained,
 Confess delusion, and the fetters break,
 The powers of priestcraft heresy forsake.

We have a mission to preserve, defend,
 Cherish and love, and wisely to extend ;
 Then let not pride appear in costly dress,
 Govern presumption, pomp of words suppress,
 Ungenerous acts, discord, and wrong desire,
 The base ambition to be soaring higher ;
 But let us all like Jesus humbly tread,
 Soft rays of meekness all around us spread ;

Kind and forgiving, careful not to chide,
 With patience ever smiling by our side,
 That they may see, nor shun to own our name,—
 Forget their hunger, and dispel their shame.

God bless our mission, weak indeed were we
 Unless fresh vigour ever came from Thee ;
 Fill every heart with Thine unerring love,
 And pour the holy unction from above.
 The children bless : oh ! may they fill the place,
 And joy to worship at the Throne of Grace,
 That when *we* go 'twill be no serious loss,—
 Themselves lead sinners to the Saviour's cross.
 Then onward strive, the young and aged teach,
 With hope rekindled, still inspiring each,
 That as king time on his swift chariot rolls
 Our God shall bless us with abundant souls.

PRAYING MOTHERS.

“The prayer of the faithful availeth much.”

THE sailor boy upon the sea,
 When winds have ceased their hissing,
 The waves their roar, which filled with awe
 Each gallant heart an hour before,
 To ripples calmed, and silently
 The vessel sides are kissing !
 When thus subdued, the deep profound,
 And o'er its surface gleaming,
 From heaven afar, so clear and round,
 The silver lights are teeming ;

The sailor boy, while others sleep,
 Their anxious fears to smother,
 Thinks of the day he turned away,
 Exultingly to dare the spray ;
 But hot tears to his eyelids leap,
 As he remembers mother.

The soldier who on battle plain,
 Had only dreamt of glory ;
 Is stricken low, by spearman foe,
 He feels his life-blood quickly flow,
 And writhes beneath his dying pain,
 Upon his bed so gory ;
 The ghastly forms of comrades near,
 More dread alarms awaken ;
 His fading sigh discerns the bier,
 On which the corse is taken ;
 Few moments left—yet no one there,
 Nor priest, nor friend, nor brother,
 To watch him die, and hear him cry
 For mercy from the God on high ;
 And long-wished consolation bear,
 To his devoted mother.

The wretched girl, to virtue lost,
 A prey to vice and passion,
 With wily feet, parades the street,
 Her purpose silly men to meet,—
 Weak men, who never count the cost,
 In pleasing girls of fashion ;

Alas ! she clinks her filthy gain,
 Then hurries to the revel,
 Where women of a darker stain,
 Sing praises to the devil ;
 But ah ! amid the horrid shout,
 From one and then another,
 The jest obscene, and worthless spleen,
 A fancied murmur comes between,—
 'Tis sudden guilt, she rushes out,
 Saved through a praying mother.

Oh ! when from home, and happy haunts,
 And human ties which bind them,
 The young would learn to love, not spurn,
 A mother's prayer, their souls would burn,
 With gratitude, and many taunts
 From cruel men, which find them,
 Dispelled ; as the remembrance grows—
 A mother thinks about them,
 And prays, distressing wrongs and woes
 May ne'er have power to rout them ;
 Oh ! if there be one name more dear
 To me than any other
 Of greater worth, in all the earth,—
 The name of her who gave me birth,
 And did with tenderest patience rear,—
 The fond, sweet name of MOTHER.

SPRING FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL flowers of early spring,
 Glad is the message to me you bring.
 Where deep the snow
 On hillock lay,
 Now green blades glow
 With genial ray ;
 And through the valley bare and drear
 The streamlet wanders bright and clear.
 From tree to tree
 Again is heard
 The native glee
 Of singing bird.
 Nature revives—'tis early spring ;
 Welcome the message to me you bring.

Beautiful flowers of early spring,
 Twofold the message to me you bring ;
 Like hopes that cheer
 Life's dreary hours
 Do you appear,
 Beautiful flowers.
 The drifts of sorrow pass away,
 The barren heart again is gay ;
 No longer chill
 Through many wrongs,
 From lips once still
 Come happy songs.
 Beautiful flowers of early spring,
 Beautiful hopes to me you bring.

A CALL TO DUTY.

CANST thou behold the penury and woe,
 The dreadful carnage of the liquid foe ?
 Canst thou behold, with undiverted gaze,
 The wreck of manhood in its brighter days ?
 Hear'st thou unmoved the soul distracted cry,
 The stifled sob and deep continuous sigh,
 Of the lone mother in her cheerless cell,
 When she doth pour, to where the sinless dwell
 In bowers Elysian, all her secret care,
 And pine to be a virgin inmate there ?
 And canst thou pass on each succeeding day
 The ragged ones in filth that round thee play,
 See their feet covered o'er with many a sore,
 Turn in disgust, and of them think no more ?
 Oh ! canst thou see and hear, and never feel
 The sting of conscience through thy bosom steal ?
 Is all thy better, nobler nature dead,
 That nought can move thee to a sense of dread—
 Nought make thee shudder ?—for a moment pause,
 Consider Heaven and its sacred laws.

Turn and behold, where'er thine eyes alight
 Are fearful traces of the deadly blight.
 Drink crawls along, as serpents subtle roam,
 And seizes man in every cottage home—
 Bewilders first with fascinating charms,
 Assures retreat from ruin's wild alarms—
 By many an art the soul doth gently wean,
 Whispers anon of pleasures yet unseen,

Until, poor dupe, too far allured to trace
 His former steps, he sinks into disgrace ;
 Beneath his manhood, yea, beneath his birth,
 Low as the senseless quadrupeds of earth.

Go, stop the man, who thus down ruin's hill
 Is swift descending with impetuous will ;
 Go, bid him fly : with kindly words implore
 That he return to honor's path once more ;
 Nor leave him then, but as a faithful friend,
 With him his dangers and his fears contend :
 And when temptation shall perform her part,
 With many a wile upon his dubious heart,
 Support his weakness, never let him fail ;
 Though hard the combat, he will yet prevail.

Heaven bless thy labours, may the people be
 Thrice blest in owning such a friend as thee.
 Tho' silent long, to every duty strange,
 Thousands shall wonder and applaud the change,
 Shall stand amazed to hear thy tongue disclaim
 The foe to wisdom, and the cause of shame.

PARTING.

'Twas nightfall, not a sound was heard
 Without or from within, save now and then
 The rustling of ivy, sheltering some bird
 Seeking refuge from the dark and lonely glen.

So still, so holy was that hour, and yet
 Full of the bitterest offerings of the heart—
 The depth of human anguish—for had met
 Two young impassion'd loves in death to part.

He was a youth whose broad expanded brow,
 And glistening eye, bespoke a brilliant mind ;
 He had a spirit that could never bow
 To bold pretension and the mock refined.

To save the lost and elevate the low
 Debased of men was his chief, highest aim ;
 A noble forte for one so young to show,
 Without the false ambition for a name.

Prostrate he lay, upon a curtained bed,
 Resign'd to meet the last dread act of all ;
 To speak adieu to her he should have wed,
 When fruit hangs richest o'er the garden wall.

That long disease which ever stealthfully creeps,
 As doth a venom'd snake along the sward,
 Had laid him there—a faithful mourner weeps,
 To watch the snapping of life's silver cord.

A lady young and beautiful to see,
 Whose inner charms more lovingly surpass'd
 The beauty visible—gentle, bland, and free,
 Unchanged in deep devotion to the last.

'Tis grief for mother thus her child to meet,
 A brother meet a sister—friend, a friend ;
 But, oh ! the anguish, and the swelling beat
 Of heart to heart, when deeper passions rend.

She softly laid her hand upon his brow,
 Reclined her form, his latest gasps to hear ;
 Gazed in those eyes less bright, and ardent now
 As though bedimm'd with sorrow's silent tear.

- He moved his lips,—she heard, as feebly came,
 The ling'ring outburst of a fervent love,
 “Say, when I'm gone, wilt thou forget my name,
 The vows we plighted in the shady grove ?
- “Wilt thou forget, beloved, the New Year's Eve,
 When each to each new promises confess'd ;
 That nought should rise to make the other grieve,
 Or cause one pang to perturbate the breast.
- “Can'st thou forget each hallow'd sweet communion
 Of bliss reserved in one unbroken train,
 Through future ages of our earthly union,
 All fled for ever, tho' recalled again ?
- “When I am gone—as I shall very soon—
 Where angel's music lauds the Triune God ;
 Wilt thou perform this task—a simple boon,
 Bring odorous flowers and bestrew my sod ?
- I know thou wilt—strange wish, yet not to thee—
 And now another ere our souls are riven ;
 Say, while we part, I shall remembered be,
 And thou wilt come to love again in Heaven.”
-

WHAT DO YOU DO?

WHAT do you do ? is a query whispered in the heart and ear
By the still small voice of conscience, heedless of the listener's sphere.

What do you do in the conflict, in the thick of mortal strife :

On the side of truth and virtue, elevating human life ?

Is the cross of Christ the standard you have proposed to defend ;

Pointing lost, dejected creatures to that more than earthly friend,

Does the widow's prayer and sorrow move you to some gracious deed,

And the orphan's cry of hunger urge your pity in their need.

That is noble, that is godly, and may blessings fall like dew—
Nothing, did you say, and mean it ; nothing that you care to do ?

Is an honest heart within you, or is worth and feeling fled ?

I am not my brother's keeper. Oh ! consider what you said.

See that wretch in yonder corner, in an ebriated state ;

Know you not he once was numbered with the wealthy and the great ?

Have you never strove to raise him from the filthy mire and clay—

Raise him, that the sparks of genius may not die in waste away.

Is he not a fallen brother ? is there not a kindred tie ;
 Speak a word to him of kindness, pass not with a scornful
 eye.

Nothing. Turn, and down yon alley, watch her staggering
 to and fro ;

In her arms a babe is screaming from its mother's shameful
 blow.

Once her heart was as the lily, or the snow-flakes pure and
 white ;

Round her gathered streams of gladness, every moment
 more delight ;

Till the cup o'er-flowing tempted, binding with its subtle
 smell,

First enticing, then enthralling, then forbidding heaven
 for hell.

Look around, and scenes of horror fill the soul with deepest
 dread,

Thousands are unhap'ly dying on the drunkard's woful bed.
 There are hapless, fallen women,—there are vile and reck-
 less men,—

There are starving little children ; go and speak a word to
 them.

Kindly words and acts, how humble,—well performed and
 simply said,

Like heroic deeds shall cluster garlands for the victor's head.
 Oh ! then each be up and doing ; stay the rushing tide of vice,
 Turn towards the banner waving, with its new and strange
 device.

“What do you do?” [up and follow in the track the faithful
hie ;

Do what duty here assigns you,—reap the harvest bye and
bye.

Life is ebbing, time is fleeting, then will sound the trumpet
blast,

When the soul from body severed, will approach the judge
at last.

“What did you do?” much or little, as your earthly course
you trod.

Nothing ; will you dare to answer, at the awful bar of God.

SAVE THE FALLEN.

SAVE the fallen, save the fallen !

Up to duty, brother, save !

There are thousands, countless numbers,

Hastening to a drunkard's grave.

There are homes which once have feasted

Unreserved from plenty's store,

Stricken, ruined, and by hunger

Guarded at the open door.

Oh, the hearts that now are aching,

And the pulse that wildly beats,

From the great within the mansion

To the beggar of the streets,—

Aching, beating for some loved ones,

Whom they see, from day to day,

Revel with the wily Bacchus,

Till at length they fall his prey.

Up to duty! up to duty,
 As a warrior, brave and true :
 There are deeds of noble daring
 For the nation yet to do ;
 Therefore, with undaunted spirit,
 Every brother of the clan,
 Up, nor waste one fleeting moment,
 Labour for the cause of man !

NO HOME.

No home where cheerful fagots burn,
 And ample board is spread ;
 No matron waits her lord's return,
 Or children hear his tread.

Death stole an entrance through the door
 And seized upon his prey ;
 The mother sank to rise no more
 Until the judgment day.

The father next a victim fell
 To death's terrific stroke ;
 Then home affection's sacred spell
 Was into fragments broke.

Four orphans left to mourn their fate,
 And through the cold world roam ;
 To bear its scorn, its frown, its hate,
 Because they have *no home*.

Oh ! Father-God, thy pitying eye
 Let watch the orphans' tear,
 And when no earthly friend is nigh
 To succour or to cheer,

Thy spirit bid in words divine
 Bind up the hearts thus riven,
 For Thou has promised all of Thine
 A changeless home in Heaven.

PATRIOTISM.

OLD England, we love thee, we sing to thy praise,
 Thy valour and justice in earlier days ;
 Thy mercy for captives all groaning in pains,
 Fast bound and tormented with slavery's chains ;
 Their cries of imploring awoke thee to feel,
 To strengthen thy sinews and weapons of steel ;
 Our fathers were eager for pity inspired,
 The scourge of the tyrant their energies fired ;
 The slaves who rejoice as the sons of the free,
 Own with emotion their freedom to thee.

Old England, we love thee, but weep when we think,
 Though free from dread conflict thou'rt captive to drink ;
 The glory of ages is swallow'd in shame,
 The garlands bequeathed as a tribute of fame,
 Are fading away through that terrible blight,
 And gathers the gloom like the shadows of night :

The blood of the faithful is sunk in the dust,
 The once brightened steel is now lying to rust ;
 But a mightier foe with a bloodier hand,
 And a deadlier weapon is sweeping the land.

Old England, we love thee, but shudder with dread
 At the sight of slain corpses all over thee spread ;
 The widow and orphan have pleaded in vain,
 The tears of affliction have fallen like rain ;
 The lord and the peasant are sadly bereaved,
 The church of the godly is sorely aggrieved ;
 Grave justice, empower'd to free or condemn,
 With blushes confesses the folly of men ;
 And even the drunkard, who trembles to think,
 Has urged thee to trample the enemy "drink."

Old England, we love thee,—as patriots mourn,
 To know thy dishonour, fit subject of scorn ;
 O ! rouse thee from slumber, fell Bacchus defy,
 Let the shout of the nation resound thro' the sky ;
 Charge on the temples uprear'd to the god,
 Besiege and lay waste to the pitiless sod,
 The throne of the monarch tho' rich in design,
 Is full of pollution with bottles of wine ;
 Upheave it and scatter to every wind,
 Nor leave the usurper to triumph behind.

Old England, we love thee ! our love is complete,
 When we plead for the orphan who wanders the street ;
 The weak and endanger'd to folly and sin,—
 Reclaim the degraded, those drinkers of gin ;

When we gather the young, as shepherd his sheep,
 Preserve them from harm and as tenderly keep ;
 O England ! awake, in thy power and might,
 With us as thine army away to the fight ;
 “ To arms ” be the cry—unshackle thy chains,
 “ To arms and to victory,” thy glory remains.

TO J. MOSELY, TEMPERANCE MISSIONARY
 BISHOP AUCKLAND.

(WITH A PRESENTATION.)

SOLDIER of Temperance, leader of the clan,
 Whose purpose is to save the grovelling prey
 To drink—the fellest enemy to man—
 And raise them up, that in the glare of day.

They once again may lift a manly head,
 Their names inscribe, and with a noble heart—
 A daring pride—and, by our Patriot led
 With courage dauntless, to perform their part.’

Oh ! would that all who temperance profess,—
 Who bend the knee in reverence and fear,
 And plead the Triune Deity to bless
 The orphan children and the widows here—

That they would shun the bitter cup of woe,
 As they would shun a serpent’s angry bite,
 And, by example, bid their offspring know
 It leads to ruin and eternal night :

Then, then would Albion, Christian Albion be,
 And not the subject of contempt and jest
 By heathen nations scattered o'er the sea,
 And lands that slumber on the ocean's breast.

Moseley, we come, at gratitude's command,
 To pay thee tribute in that token there,
 Offered by friendship's free, extended hand :
 Accept it, Moseley, and our feelings share.

Thou well hast won the laurels thine to claim ;
 Still on pursue until thy latest breath—
 Till crumbling age, crown'd with an honor'd name,
 Shall gently yield thee to the grasp of death.

THE WORKMAN'S HOME.

How beautiful the workman's home
 When things are clean and neat,
 The fire bright and hearthstone white,
 A chair with cushion'd seat,
 And slippers in the corner warm,
 Awaiting weary feet.

How happy is the workman's heart,
 As through the wicket gate
 He sees her stand with open hand,
 His patient partner, Kate ;
 No angry words nor angry looks,
 Though near an hour too late.

The children run for father's kiss,
 And clap their hands with glee ;
 First bounds young Jim, then little Tim,
 Then Maggie climbs his knee ;
 E'en baby tries to jump and shout,
 When father comes to tea.

How peaceful is the workman's home,
 Free from domestic strife ;
 When pressing cares he gladly shares
 To ease his faithful wife ;
 And both together cheerfully drink,
 The bitter draught of life.

How full of joy the workman's home,
 Though humble, poor it be,
 When they unite to do the right,
 Who form the family ;
 Their heart's affections entwine,
 Like ivy round a tree.

WHO CAN TELL ?

SEE that infant softly sleeping
 On its downy curtained bed,
 Watch the mother fondly peeping,
 With a slow and noiseless tread ;
 And as thus she gazes on it,
 Breathes a short and earnest prayer,

" O, may blessings rest upon it,
 Angels o'er it watch with care,
 Shield it too from care and sorrow,
 Keep its heart as pure as snow,
 Bring me many a joyous morrow,
 As it doth in wis lom grow."
 Will there not a wail of anguish
 Make her tender bosom swell?
 Will her child not droop and languish—
 Who can tell?

Then how light and merry-hearted
 Is the youth who leaves his home,
 From his friends and kindred parted,
 On the trackless sea to roam.
 Hope adorns the future for him
 Brilliant to a high degree ;
 Fancy scatters wild before him
 All that is beyond the sea.
 Wealth and honour, praise and glory,
 Friendship, happiness, and peace ;
 He shall list to love's sweet story,
 And his joys shall never cease.
 But e'erlong, ah ! does he think it,
 There may rise a mighty swell,
 Beat against the ship and sink it—
 Who can tell ?

We oft look beyond the present,
 Count the pleasures yet unborn,
 As the toilsome, hapless peasant
 Counts the value of his corn :

E'er the rolling orb of heaven,
 His diurnal race hath run,
 And the dew of balmy even
 Have their work of duty done,
 Storms may come in giant power—
 Fill his heart with blank dismay,
 All the hopes of many an hour
 Like a night-dream pass away.
 We may, too, in life's young morning
 Feel a sudden blow as well—
 Fall without a moment's warning :
 Who can tell ?

Then with hearts together blending,
 Let us work and win a name ;
 England's laws and rights defending
 Rid her of her direful shame.
 Make her smiling sons and daughters
 Good and noble, just and free ;
 Live to Him who died and bought us
 With His blood upon the tree.
 Float His name to every nation,
 Under the eternal blue,
 And though poor and weak our station,
 What we can that let us do.
 Living thus to God and heaven,
 We need little fear the knell,
 Nor the solemn query given :
 Who can tell ?

MAN THE LIFE-BOAT.

MAN the life-boat, man the life-boat,
 Hark ! above the tempest's roar,
 Louder than the billows rolling
 All along the trembling shore,
 Swells a sound of mingled wailing
 As of people sinking fast,
 In a vessel lost and shattered
 By the fury of the blast ;
 "Man the life-boat." Can ye hear them ?
 Answer to their dreadful cry :
 To the rescue ! British seamen ;
 To the rescue ! or they die.

Soon the life-boat forth is hurried,
 And her men with fearless pride,
 Brave as warriors in a conflict,
 Dare the dangers of the tide ;
 In the distance, on before them,
 Through the darkness of the night,
 When the cry for help is rising,
 Gleams the pale and glim'ring light.
 They have seen it ! how it fills them
 With a mightier strength to save ;
 On they rush to snatch their fellows
 From a cold untimely grave.

But there is another life-boat,
 And there is another crew,
 Noble in its deeds of mercy,
 Daring as that faithful few ;

Fierce and loud the storm is raging,
 Making havoc o'er the land,
 Young and old together falling,
 Sinking fast on ev'ry hand ;
 Man the life-boat, temperance-workers,
 Hear the sad and woful cry ;
 To the rescue ! men and brethren ;
 To the rescue ! or they die.

SUMMER FLOWERS.

SUMMER flowers, they come to cheer us,
 Bud and bloom afar and near us ;
 Carpeting the earth with beauty,
 Filling air with odours sweet—
 Thus unconscious doing duty,
 Their Creator saw was meet.

Summer flowers, they tell us kindly,
 In their mission done so blindly ;
 We should ever be as lowly,
 Whether cot or palace born ;
 Work the will of Him, the Holy,
 And the Christian's path adorn.

Summer flowers, they warn us plainly,
 And we heed it not disdainly ;
 Man a little while shall linger,
 Be like them of passing worth ;
 Feel the weight of death's cold finger,
 Then return to mother earth.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

AN! Burn's, thy woful tale is true,—

The young, the prime, the gray,
 The pompous lord, the pious few,
 The stoic and the gay ;
 The classic sage of honor'd years,
 And genius in its pride,
 The dauntless man that never fears
 The fury of the tide ;
 And warrior who, on battle plain,
 Hath deathless laurels borne—
 All, all in doleful tones complain
 That "Man was made to mourn."

The sun a thousand hills may crown,
 Cloud soon his glory steals—
 A smile is oft a gentle frown—
 And love but hate reveals.
 Ambitious hopes are only reared
 On fancy's treach'rous sand,
 And friendship feigns to be endeared,
 But yields a traitor's hand.
 Thus, sore perplexed, with many a sigh,
 The human heart is torn,
 And quivering lips rehearse the cry
 That "Man was made to mourn."

The path of pleasure, bower of ease,
 And 'bode of social mirth,
 May claim a secret power to please,
 And add a joy to earth ;

But serpents lurk beneath the shade,
 As thorns behind the rose,
 Hence those who taste life's sweets are made
 To also taste its woes.
 'Tis here the solemn problem lies—
 Heed not the truth with scorn—
 Th' inviting fruit that poison hides
 Shows "Man was made to mourn."

And yet if life no sorrow knew,
 In all its vast employ,
 Succeeding years unchequered flew
 'Mid unbeckoned joy,
 The soul to no remoter clime
 On eagle's wings would soar,
 To eager gaze from heights sublime
 The amethystine shore.
 Oh, Father! every will control,
 Until we reach the dawn
 Of ages that eternal roll,
 And those who never mourn.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER BOY AT SEA.

I HAD a son, an only boy
 My bud of promise, chiefest joy
 And thought that nought could e'er decoy —
 My William.

I watched him from his cradle grow,
And all the love which mothers know,
On him did lavishly bestow—

My William.

Although a weakly child, my fear's
Portentous gloom, and gathering tears
Were quelled by hopes of future years—

My William.

He thought when youthful days were past,
And he should rise to man at last,
He would a blessing o'er me cast—

My William.

Alas, those hopes are blighted ; all
Before me into shadows fall,
He sees me not, nor hears me call—

My William.

Away from home, away from me,
Upon the surging, briny sea,
A storm-tossed mariner to be—

Went William.

Years roll between me and the day
Which stole him from my side away,
And turned these flowing curls to grey—

My William.

He still may live, and ploughs the main,
And some day wander back again,
But why not ease me of this pain—

My William.

Oh ! cruel fate, oh ! hapless morn,
 It had been joy to see him borne
 By death from hence, than inly mourn,

My William.

God grant, ere I am called from this
 Low vale of woe, to heights of bliss,
 One precious tear-bemingled kiss,

From William.

THE TEMPLAR'S PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, whose searching eye
 The universe surveys ;
 The wonders of the earth and sky
 Unceasing sing Thy praise.

The orbs of heaven that nightly shine—
 The birds upon the tree,
 And every oak, and elm, and pine,
 Continual sing to Thee.

All nature owns Thee as a God,
 And has since it began ;
 Nor aught rebels against Thy nod,
 But proud presumptuous man.

Yes, he alone tho' greater far,
 Of more intrinsic worth
 Than either sun, or moon, or star,
 Or treasure of the earth,

Is e'er in secret working ill,
 In dreams and through the day,
 Warring against Thy sovereign will?
 Thine own eternal sway :

Until the heart by sin defiled,
 Is fully torn apart,
 And he as humble as a child
 Accepts an infant's heart.

Oh God, in mercy hear my cry,
 My rebel heart remove,
 That *Faith* may ope her timid eye
 To Thee enthron'd above.

And *Hope* inspire the burden'd soul,
 Lest tried it fall and sink ;
 Become degraded by the bowl
 And ruined by the drink.

And thus secure from Satan's net,
 Let pity speak to me :
 That I redeemed may not forget
 The laws of *Charity*.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.

FADING, fading in the sun
 On the parch'd trees,
 Softly, softly, one by one,
 Fall the Autumn leaves.

Strength and beauty, where are they ?
 Nature's robes, alas !
 Children with the remnants play
 On the tufted grass.

How they sport amid the trees,
 Careless of the hours,
 Merry all as humming bees
 On a bed of flowers.

In the early spring of life
 Are those children now.
 Nought of care, or woe, or strife,
 Furrows yet the brow.

Older, older, every year,
 Youth and vigour sped ;
 Soon to fade and disappear,
 Like the leaves they tread.

THE DRUNKARD TO HIS WIFE.

You remember when we were married
 What frolic, and laughter and cheer ;
 Remember the bowls that were carried
 Of spirits, wine, stout, and of beer ?
 "How generous the host and the hostess,"
 So each to the other did say ?
 But man should be careful and boastless,
 For pleasures oft die in a day.

When fortune smiled gaily around us,
 Our home, with all comforts, was dear ;
 When ties of humanity bound us,
 We dreamt not that danger was near.
 I thought not the wine on the table,
 That sparkled as gems in the sea,
 From honour and virtue was able
 To bring ruin and hunger to me.

I scoffed at the words of the preacher,
 Derided the thoughts of the wise,
 And turned from the face of the teacher,
 Who bade me the liquor despise.
 But now, as I look on the present,
 The cupboard and table both bare,
 And crave for the things that are pleasant,
 Once mine in abundance to share ;

If I the bright past could recover,
 And tread o'er my journey again ;
 Once more be a youth and a lover,
 From drink I would ever abstain.
 Since for that I have not the power,
 The past I will strive to amend ;
 The liquor I'll banish this hour,
 And right of cold water defend.

FATHERLESS.

WAITING, watching by a tavern door,
 With shoeless feet upon the flags,
 And round his shape, encumber'd rags
 To shield him from the tempest hoar ;
 His countenance serenely mild,
 A docile thoughtful loving child,
 Whose locks were matted threads of gold,—
 A boy not more than ten years old ;
 But why so late into the night
 He thus about the streets should roam ?
 Ah ! can it be the deadly blight
 For him had blasted love at home ?
 Did he beside the " Eagle's Nest,"
 The white down beating on his breast,
 A drunken father wait to guide,
 And guard him from the river side.

He waited long, no father came,
 Trembling with fear he entered in,
 And scann'd that scene of wanton sin ;
 His young face blushing deep with shame,
 " Is father here ? " he simply said—
 The bloated landlord shook his head ;
 " My little man he went from here
 Two hours ago the worse for beer.
 Prythee, who sent you thro' the snow,
 The night is far too chill and wild ;
 'Tis wrong of them to treat you so,
 A half-starved, slender, growing child ;

Were you my boy, a coverlet warm
Should keep you from the angry storm,
And slumber at this hour should close
Your eyelids in a sweet repose."

"Oh, sir," the anxious boy replied,
Unconscious of the rising jeer
From burly ruffians drinking near ;
"I came because my mother cried';
Our Nell we know is dying now,
The big damp sweat is on her brow ;
But ere her spirit soars on high
She longs to bid us all good-bye."
Tho' few the words, they hushed the song,
The jest and hideous laugh was stayed ;
Amazing stillness, deep and long,
Was proof they had the voice obeyed.
Then one by one they left the den,
A score of savage looking men,
And as the folding doors they pass'd
Vow'd each that night should be their last.

Homeward he sped through snow and sleet,
And nigh had gained his wretched cot,
When lo! he saw, he knew not what,
But something dark beside his feet.
He stopped,—he touched—it was a man,
A thrill of horror instant ran
Through every vein :—he strained his sight
A clue to trace, he thought it might
His father be. Alas, too soon
He knew the figure he had found,

Emerging from a cloud the moon
 That moment gleamed upon the ground ;
 “ Father, come home, the night is wild,
 Speak to me, father, ’tis your child.”
 He brushed the snow flakes from his brow,
 To find himself an orphan now.

SONG OF THE DRAPER.

Many of the readers of this lamentable ditty may probably feel inclined to deny its authenticity, but drapers’ apprentices and assistants in metropolitan districts, and in a large majority of provincial towns, will agree that no exaggeration is embodied in this parody.

WITH fingers nimble and long, with features pale indeed,
 A draper stood, by shelf and pile, plying his “ stick ” with
 speed.

Piece, piece, piece, mid calico-dust and smell,
 Yet still he sang this doleful song, I must reluctant tell.

“ Toil, toil, toil, before eight o’clock in the morn,
 And toil, toil, toil, till the moon shines on the lawn ;
 ’Tis, O, to serve beneath such merciless men as these,
 For health and strength are thrown away with never a
 moment’s ease.

“ Talk, talk, talk, till the throat and tongue are dry ;
 Talk, talk, talk, with many a worthless lie ;
 ‘Twill wear and wash I know,—I know t’will wash and wear,’
 Then look and wait to hear them buy, they only feel and
 stare.

“ O men, and ladies, too, O you daughters fair and dear,
 ’Tis not your ‘dress’ you come to buy, but only ‘mess’ to
 rear.

Talk, talk, talk, till the brain is in a whirl,—
 Stammering still, but all in vain, to please a choiceless girl.

“ But why should I be a slave, and why so thin and pale,
 While others around are free and brisk and ever hale?
 Because I dare not speak, or my fate were doubly sure,
 And because of the meat, ’tis mine, alas ! so often to endure.

“ Toil, toil, toil, my labour never ceases,
 And all for what?—a little pelf, and meat in meagre pieces.
 And then the room,—an iron couch—a basin and a glass,—
 A dingy wall,—a dusty floor, with only space to pass.

“ Toil, toil, toil, till the hands and feet are sore,
 Toil, toil, toil, like slaves on Afric’s shore ;
 Sweep, and block, and pile—pile, and block, and sweep,
 Till the weary frame nigh sinks at last, against the rising
 heap.

“ Toil, toil, toil, when the gas is burning bright,
 Toil, toil, toil, when Sol’s refulgent light,
 Adorns the earth ; and birds the verdant boughs among,
 Fill the air with gladsome voice, and mock me with their
 song.

“ O ! could I when the hour, and shades of evening fall,
 Betake me to some hallow’d spot, and hear the linnet call,
 Few moments feel my bosom free, from angry words and
 strife,
 A little respite from the cares, and pressing ills of life.

"O ! but to wander far and wide, 'neath heaven's majestic
 blue,
 Inhale the fragrance of the flower, and kiss the falling
 dew
 In solitude, or with a friend,—companion of my heart
 To muse, or speak of happy hours from which we loathed
 to part."

With fingers nimble and long, with features pale, indeed,
 A draper stood by shelf and pile, plying his "stick" with
 speed.
 Toil, toil, toil, 'mid calico, smell, and vapour,
 And still with a voice, then low, then loud,
 (Oh that the words may reach the crowd),
 He sang this "Song of the Draper."

THE LEAFLET.

I DROPP'D a seed into the ground,
 When in an idle hour,
 Long after sought the spot and found
 'T had grown a beauteous flower.

Upon a path, the careless trod,
 I let a leaflet fall,
 The blessed message sent from God,
 That "Jesus paid it all."

To my surprise in later years,
 A stranger neatly dressed
 My steps arrested, and in tears
 Drew something from his breast.

“ I was a sinner, shameless, lost,
 This leaflet from you fell,
 ’Tis Jesus paid it all,—the cost
 Of snatching me from hell.”

The seeds of mercy, truth, and love,
 In faith disperse abroad,
 And He, who watches you above,
 Will render rich reward.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

OLD year, thou’rt gone ; to our eyelids are stealing
 The tears of regret, that we served thee so ill ;
 Our actions, how few were pregnant with feeling,
 How many were done with irresolute will !

How few were the hearts, deep riven with anguish,
 We sought to tenderly bind up and heal,
 And those who in sorrow were ready to languish,
 How feebly we strove to restore their lost weal !

Old year, thou’rt gone, and the friendships forsaken,
 Sunk in the shadows which hide thee from view ;
 Let them sleep on in thy bosom unshaken,
 Nor tempt us again to call them untrue.

Those to the land of Elysium departed—

We speak not reproachful, unkind, or severe ;
Ah ! we then wept, and were nigh broken-hearted,
Thus, to be severed from friendships so dear.

Thou'rt gone, to add one more link to the number,—
Make up the long coiling chain to the past ;
Thoughts, words, and deeds, all in unbroken slumber
To rest, till waked by the great final blast.

CONDEMNED !

“ CONDEMNED, condemned,” he muttered with a groan.
Condemned to die, and in the world alone ;
To-morrow's sun will rise in all his pride
Diffusing glory over hill and tide,
But not for me will those bright beams be shed
And round my form a dazzling halo spread ;
The thrush and linnet from their bowers of ease
Will early rise with wonted power to please ;
I shall not hear them from the dewy lawn,
Nor yet the lark give welcome to the morn.
My father's home, the dearest spot on earth,
Where once I dwelt, then full of childish mirth,
And where my youth has gaily flitted by,
Unknown to sorrow, and unused to sigh ;—
There will the voice of merry gladness ring,
And hearts be joyous as returning spring.

But, one, alas ! she will lament the day
 Which tore her Edward from her side away,—
 A mother's heart with pangs severe are torn,
 And wails the moment when her child was born.
 Ah ! how she loved, yea doted on her boy,
 I was her plaything and her constant joy.
 'Twas she who taught my infant lips to pray
 When I awoke, and at the close of day ;
 'Twas she who first forth led me to the pew
 To seek redemption and my vows renew,—
 List to the warning of the reverent sage,
 And learn instruction from the sacred page.
 Alas ! with all her watchfulness and love,
 Pure and devoted as a saint's above,
 I have but lived against her to rebel
 And strain my sinews in a deed of hell.
 Oh ! my lost soul ! could I again just hear
 Her voice like music ringing in mine ear,
 With her uplift my feeble hands in prayer
 To heaven, and know my portion still was there,
 I yet had hope, tho' foul so e'er I am :
 The Judge would hear me and forbear to damn.
 Ah ! see me now, behold my tortured face,
 And mark the subject of my fell disgrace.
 'Twas drink which hurled me from my high estate
 And drove me headlong from the good and great.
 'Twas drink, the demon, earth's most loathsome ban,
 Which made my presence but a curse to man,
 And it was drink, oh ! hear me and take heed
 That drove my fingers to the hellish deed,
 And here for which in clanking chains I lie,
 Banished from heaven and condemned to die.



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